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Devoted to News, Politics, Intelligence, and the Improvement of the State and Country.

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Selected Poetry.

Beautiful Hands.

"Such beautiful, beautiful hands,
They're neither white nor small,
And you, I know, would scarcely think,
That they were fair at all.
I've looked on hands whose form and hue
A sculptor's dream might be,
Yet are these aged, wrinkled hands
Most beautiful to me.
Such beautiful, beautiful hands,
Though hearts were weary and sad,
These patient hands kept letting on,
That the children might be glad,
I almost weep, as looking back
To childhood's distant day,
I think how these hands rested on,
When mine were at their play."

Such beautiful, beautiful hands,
They're growing feeble now,
For time and pain have left their mark
On hand, and heart, and brow.
Alas! alas! the nearing time,
And the sad, sad day to me,
When "neath the daisies out of sight,
These hands will folded be.
But O! beyond this shadow camp,
Where all is bright and fair,
I know full well these dear old hands
Will palms of victory bear,
Where crystal streams through endless years
Flow over golden sands,
And where the old grow young again
I'll clasp my mother's hands."

Original Communications.

FOR THE GREENVILLE ENTERPRISE.

Thecla's Dream.

HACIENDA, SALUDA,
February, 1870.

My Dear *****—Your letter describes "the weather in Philadelphia, bright and warm. Some persons attribute our unseasonable warm weather to the approach of the Gulf Stream. What do you say?"
I had given up all hope of being able to give you the least idea of what could possibly have been the cause of a change in the regular and long established course of the current of the ocean; but it happened that an extra amount of tea got into my cup—I could not sleep, thinking over your question. At first, I thought of calling to my assistance a mermaid, but as she belongs to the sea I had doubt; secondly, to ask the assistance of a fairy, but as she dances in the meadow there was another doubt; I then thought of a myrter—one who had passed through the fire and yet not consumed, who had been cast among wild animals and whose feet had been licked by the fierce sea lion. Who should it be? A man? No! A woman? Yes! Why? Because when a woman describes her travels she makes her work deeply interesting by entering into particulars, which a man may neglect for some objects of his particular policy; a woman stands on the broad platform of leaving others to judge for themselves.

Thecla has been described as being blessed with great beauty, faultless figure, virtue and Christian character; therefore I decided to ask her help. She accepts the mission. She will answer your question on the supposition that the Gulf Stream has shifted. If there has been no shift, I stand ready to bear the responsibility. Good-night; I can now sleep.

Thecla was standing in a magnificent chariot, floating in the center of the Gulf of Mexico. The sun had long been hid away beyond the western mountains; the moon and stars gave light over the sleeping millions of the Northern Republic. The current caught in the wheels of her chariot, which was carried in a circle out from the centre, round to the right. At the outlet of the Gulf, she dashed along at a rapid rate, passing the light on Moro Castle, on the shore of Cuba, on the one hand, and another on the reefs of Key West. Thence she proceeded northward between the reefs of Florida and the great Bahama, along the shores of the Southern Atlantic States. Reaching Cape Hatteras, the current carried her off towards the east, amidst the tossing waves and boisterous winds of mid ocean. She gathered her long hair more tightly about her, as she moved along over the glad waters on the stream of life, towards the western shore of Erin's Isle. Circling round southward, she passed between the

Azores, or Western Islands, and the coast of Spain. When she arrived opposite the strait of Gibraltar, she was suddenly and very unexpectedly driven by the current to the westward—her back had been turned on Spain, and she was moving comparatively slow. She was disappointed at this, for the usual course of the Gulf Stream here is due south; but Thecla is not the first Christian that has been forced from the true path. She, however, came back, for with a current, or bend in her course she came round again with her face towards the coast of Africa; then went on due South, as though nothing had happened, except that the speed, by this deflection of the current, had dreadfully impeded the onward progress of her chariot. The sun sank beneath the horizon, as it were, in the middle of the ocean. As the darkness of night closed her view of the picturesque Canary Islands, she sank down on the floor of her craft and slept, "rocked in the cradle of the deep."

Sleep is very sweet when one feels tired. We are very apt to dream something of what has most occupied our minds the day before. Thecla had been thinking about her having been turned away from the usual course when she came near the Columns of Hercules. She dreamt she was standing amid the ruins of ancient Cuzco, on the Andes in Peru; she saw two persons rise up from their graves from under the original site of the temple of the sun; she followed them. They walked away from the valley of Cuzco to the shore of Lake Titicaca; there, as the sun rose over the snow-capped Andes, they knelt near the shore of the Lake, and worshipped the sun. They then turned west, and after travelling over the mountains, as the moon shone her light through a gorge in the Cordilleras, they prayed again and worshipped the moon. They came down to the coast of South America at Arica, in Peru. Before they entered the ship on which they took passage, they knelt on the bank of the sea, before day-light, and worshipped the morning star. Traversed the Pacific Ocean, threaded the China Sea, crossed the Indian Ocean, and entered the Red Sea, landing at Suez, in Arabia in the evening; they knelt and worshipped the evening star. Here Thecla repeated aloud the third verse of the seventh chapter of Deuteronomy.

The man took the Red Sea for his seat, and the woman took a seat in the Mediterranean. The Isthmus of Suez they used for a tea-table. The woman took sugar from the sugar-dish and put some into two cups, then took the tea-caddy and put two teaspoonfuls of tea into the tea-pot. Looking over the Isthmus she said to the man, "hand the water!" The man turned round and dipped a kettle-full from the Red Sea. In finding it over to the woman, by some unforeseen accident or miscalculation, the kettle fell, and the water emptied into the Mediterranean. Startled at this moment, Thecla put her hand on the man's shoulder and said, "The very hairs of your head are numbered. The current runs from the Indian Ocean into the Red Sea, yet it has not overflowed; the waters of the Mediterranean flow into the North Atlantic, yet the Mediterranean is not empty; you have destroyed the original order of circulation of water around the Globe. An ocean is not flooded by a rain; an ocean is not dried up in a drought. You have changed the climate of the earth. You have disturbed the equilibrium of the waters. Water passing from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean increases the volume, and the extra flow through the Strait of Gibraltar has changed the motion and shifted the course of the great Atlantic current towards the shore, and warmed the whole continent of North America. They know not why it is there is so ice this winter. The Gulf Stream in the ocean is to climate as the main spring in a watch is to time. 'Dost thou know the balancing of the clouds?' * * * 'who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand * * *?'"

"Who art thou?" The man answered and said, "I am Manco Capac, first Inca of Peru. This is my wife, Mama Capac, first Queen. We left this country during the ninth century in search of lands and people, where we could freely worship the sun, the moon, and the stars. We are dead folks."
Thecla crossed herself and said, "you dared then to teach this forbidden law two thousand years after the prohibition by Moses? Arise, get thee away, return from whence you came. Thou shalt not have burial here."
They returned to Arica. When they got there the whole country was in ruins; the sea had receded,

and when the water rushed back to gain the level it came in a great wave, which carried the shipping far up over the land; the dead were tossed up out of their burial places, and many of the inhabitants were buried alive; cities were crumbled into dust; the great Andes shook and trembled, for there was an earthquake. A very respectable old Quichua Indian, on duty with his golden headed staff as an assistant police, met the man and wife at the landing, and requested them to stop; then ordered them peremptorily back. "They shall not land again, in Peru. We are punished for idolatry in others. They have disturbed the waters; opened the Red Sea into the Mediterranean; drawn the water away from the coast of South America, which brought on this dreadful earthquake. It is the wickedness and wilful acts of the worst of humanity which bring distress and trouble in this world upon those who desire peace," said the honest old Indian.

As the light appeared over the desert of Sabara, Thecla was awakened by music; the sound fell upon her ear mingled with the splashing of oars in the calm sea. As the sound neared, she heard these words of the song:
"Row brothers row, the stream runs fast—
The rapids are near, and the day-light's past."
She gazed upon the approaching boat, rowed by a single man. He suddenly ceased, and lay on his oars, struck with wonder and respectful awe at her beauty and her craft. He politely raised his hat and bid her "good morning" in the Portuguese tongue. Thecla enquired what he was doing in such a small boat. He replied, looking significantly at her chariot, "I am a poor fisherman on my way beyond the current." "Then you do not fish in the Gulf Stream?" "Yes, but there are more fish in the cold water than in the warm." "How do you know that?" "I have been a fisherman all my life; practice makes perfect you know." "Do fish from cold water sell better in market than fish from warm water?" "No, there is no difference as to that, but shouldn't I go where I can catch the most fish?" "How is it you have always been fishing, and always poor?" "Well, you see there never was such a power of fish until lately, and then the priest comes round with his plate in the market place collecting tithes; he always told me, though, if I paid the church well, out of my small earnings the day would come when I should have good luck. Then I have a wife and ten children to support."

"Has what the priest told you come true?" "Yes, but then—mind I do not complain—he says as I now catch many more fish than I used to do, I must pay more into the plate. I have had good luck lately, both in the Gulf Stream and out of it." "Do you think you have had more prosperity of late on account of what your priest told you?" The poor man hung his head in silence; looking up he said, "I am very poor; my father was poor before me; I have never been to school; I do not like to say." "You speak like a thinking man!" "I mean no disrespect to anybody. I have always thought my priest infallible, but you see there are some things we cannot help. A stranger not long ago came into the market place with a servant man bearing a basket filled with bottles of brandy. The priest had just held the plate to me, and I paid him, when the strange gentleman came and examined my fish. He bottled a small one which I had hauled up inside the Gulf Stream, and labelled it, 'Fish from the Red Sea'; and another I had caught in the cold water beyond the Gulf Stream, 'Fish from the Mediterranean'; then went on through the market. I could not make head nor tail of the matter, but I heard a French merchant talking with the priest; the priest said the Empress of France had been through the Suez Canal. Yes, said the Frenchman, it must be a complete work to give a free passage to such a big fish. Now, my dear sir, said the priest, if you believe the little fish which swarmed around the Canary Islands since the opening of the Suez Canal came through from the Red Sea, you cannot believe in the infallibility of the Pope. I intend to be moderate, said the Frenchman. The naturalist from North America will inform you that the warm water, which comes through that Canal, brings with it fish from the Red Sea, and as they do not like cold water they will continue to come out here into the Gulf Stream; and that the warm water, which enters the Mediterranean, will drive its fish into the middle of the North Atlantic Ocean. Without stopping to enquire particularly about the principle by

which this power of fish came among us, I do not believe the people go to Rome during carnival with such unanimity as they flock into our market for fish."

"What country are you from, Senorita?" "I am Syrian, bound to America!" "Land of Washington!" exclaimed the fisherman, and ran forward in his boat; taking up a little cage, containing a beautiful canary bird, handed it to her. Thecla took from her apron pocket a piece of gold and handed it to him. He took off his hat, bowing low; thank you. Thecla continued with the current towards the Equator. Would you like to from her truly yours,
LARDNER GIBBON.

To *****
Holmesburg,
Philadelphia, Penn.

Plant Corn.

The advice and criticism contained in the annexed, although intended for the planters in Georgia, may be as appropriately addressed to agriculturalists in South Carolina:

A word to farmers before the crops are so pitched as to crowd out corn. Not one man in ten makes enough corn, and not one in hundred has a sufficiency of small grain, and very few raise enough grass. Until small grain and the grasses are more liberally cultivated, the necessities of the country demand a great deal more corn. It is a mistaken idea that cotton planting, to the exclusion of grain crops, is the most profitable system of farming. The men in this country who have made most money by farming, are those who have raised corn and bacon. They not only furnish cotton planters with those indispensable articles, but frequently hold mortgages on their lands for money loaned them.

One fact of this sort is worth a peck of theories. If you would prosper, plant corn, sow small grain, and cultivate the grasses. After these things are done, devote the remainder of your time and labor to the production of cotton, and whatever it brings can be invested in railroad or other stocks, or loan on good securities at high rates.

What does it profit a man to make a thousand bales of cotton, if it takes all the surplus after paying for labor and fertilizers, to purchase corn, bacon and other supplies, which ought to have been made at home?

DIFFERENCE IN THE QUALITY OF EGGS.—The *Journal of Agriculture* says, though most farmers keep fowls and raise their own eggs, there are many who have not learned the difference there is in the richness and flavor of eggs produced by well fed hens, and those from birds that have been half starved through our winters. There will be some difference in the size, but far more in the quality. The yolk of one would be large, fine colored and of good substance, and the albumen, or white, clear and pure; while the contents of the other will be watery and meagre, as in the parent fowl, to properly carry out and complete the work nature had sketched.—In order, therefore, to have good eggs, the fowls should be well fed, and also provided, during the months they are unable to come to ground, with a box containing an abundance of fine gravel, that they may be able to grind and prepare their food for digestion. Of eggs, those from the domestic hen are decidedly the best, but those of ducks and geese may be used for some of the purposes of domestic cookery.

BEETS.—The culture of the beet is said to be worth more to a country as a fertilizer than the product directly derived from the treatment of the root, the waste pulp proving more valuable than the sugar. It is fed to barned cattle in large quantities. It is stated that in France, where the business has grown to enormous dimensions, the increase in cattle on account of beet pulp is wonderful.—In the district of country surrounding the city of Valenciennes, where, before the production of beet sugar, seven hundred oxen were the total amount, eleven thousand five hundred are the total amount raised last year. But this is not all. This enormous increase of stock has so much advanced the fertility of the land that one hundred and ninety-two thousand bushels more wheat are raised in the same district per annum than were ever raised in previous years.
[N. Y. Com. Bulletin.]

When ladies lecture out West, they have ladies to sell tickets, lady ushers and lady bill posters.

A Cheerful Face.

"It doeth good like a medicine." Every one knows how instinctive a thing is sympathy with the feelings of those around us.—You meet a friend who has a fit of the "blues"—his face is long, his manner sad, his voice is low and melancholy. If your own feelings were previously bright, they are suddenly darkened. The effect is that of a dash of cold water on a flame that a gentle puff of wind would have coaxed into a steady blaze. There come hours of grief to us all, when we go wearily, as under a burden, and when it be hooves us to weep. I do not allude to such times, nor yet to those when we go, as sympathizing friends, to a house of mourning.—We are commanded to "weep with those who weep." But amid the vexation and perplexities, and little wearing cares of our every-day life, to carry even a cheerful countenance, how sweet it is, some times heroic!

"There comes my teacher," said a little girl, as a fair, sunny-faced woman opened the school-room door. "She always looks happy." A happy teacher makes a happy class. Cheerfulness is magnetic. The quality of courage and hope, ringing in every tone of the teacher's voice, awakens energy and ardor in the hearts of the pupils.

The secret of the happy heart is keeping near the Master. Christ in the heart, a constant guest, can it help rejoicing? Christ holding the hand, Christ making the path, Christ leading the deceiver, can there be room for melancholy? Can troubles press heavily that are day by day and night by night rolled into the open sepulchre beside the cross? Sometimes, alas, we forget to pray. Our prayers degenerate into forms of words.—Our Bibles gather dust. Our faith burns low. Our love becomes cold—our zeal, alas! neither cold nor hot but lukewarm, and hateful to the Master. And we wonder that we cannot be happy!

There is no happiness possible for the Christian except in the shadow of the mercy-seat. The lamps must be trimmed every day, or they will refuse to burn clearly and steadily.

Let us try to be more than ever cheerful, that so we may be more than ever successful in our vocation. Winners of souls "rejoice evermore."—S. S. Times.

A Word to the Man of the House.

The first duty of husbands is to sympathize with their wives in all their cares and labors. Men are apt to forget, in the perplexities and annoyances of business, that home cares are also annoying and try the patience and the strength of their wives.

They come home expecting sympathy, attention, but are too apt to have none to give. A single kind word or look that tells his thought of her and her troubles would lift half the weight of care from her heart. Secondly, husbands should make confidants of their wives, consulting them on their plans and prospects, and especially on their troubles and embarrassments. A woman's intuition is often better than all his wisdom and shrewdness and her ready sympathy and interest is a powerful aid for his efforts, for their mutual welfare.

Thirdly, men should show their love for their wives, in constant attention, in their manner of treating them, in the thousand and one trifling offices of affection which may be hardly noticeable, but which makes all the difference between a sad and undefined longing and cheery, happy existence.—Above all, men should beware of treating their wives with rudeness and incivility, as if they were the only persons not entitled to their consideration and respect. They should think of the sensitive feelings and their need of sympathy and "never let the fire of love go out or cease to show that the flame is burning with unabated fervor."

JUDGE HUGH BROCKENBROUGH, of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, the witty author of "Modern Chivalry," whilst riding through Westmoreland County, Pa., saw a young girl who was going out to milk the cows, place her hand on the top of a fence and spring over. "If you can do that again, my girl, I will marry you." The girl did so. The Judge dismounted, saw the parents of the girl, and told them that he would undertake the education of their daughter and afterwards marry her, which was done.

A boy in Illinois a few days ago laid a train of powder through the kitchen, and then fired it, "just to scare ma." He hasn't been able to sit down with any comfort since.

A Handsome and Dashing Young Cattle Stealer Among the Pacific Slopes.

The case of Susie Raper, indicted by the grand jury of Elko county for grand larceny for the stealing of a band of cattle, has been on trial for the last two days. The court room has been crowded with eager spectators ever since the opening of the case. The defendant is a woman of about twenty-nine years of age, an Australian by birth, is rather prepossessing in appearance, has a passable face, a graceful and well-rounded form, and good carriage. She came to Humboldt county at an early day, and during her residence there ran many of its prominent citizens a merry string. As a coquette, she has been successful in capturing the affection and coin of many clever but "spoony" chaps all over the country. She has cheek enough to put up and attempt to carry out any kind of a job. Smart, bold, and of winning ways, she seldom missed her mark. She can shoot a pistol like a sportsman, ride a mustang with all the grace and dash of a vaquero, drive a bull team equal to any Missourian, and in the parlor or ball room "get away" with most women of style. She was arrested on the 18th of January last in Lander county, whilst attempting to escape, and showed fight, nerve and skill in the handling of a six-shooter on the occasion. She was incarcerated in the county jail here, being unable to procure bail. She has a husband and three boys, aged respectively nine, seven and five years. Several attempts were made to procure her release under writ of *habeas corpus*, and when brought into court on these occasions, she acted as if it was fun.—During this trial, she has sat by her able counsel, rarely exhibiting any concern in her face, and in passing to and from the jail has given up the coquettish swagger that generally characterizes her movements. When the keys were first turned on her by the sheriff, she gave way to her emotions, and a flood of tears gushed freely from her hazel eyes. This lasted but a moment, when she gave vent to a tirade of abuse upon the heads of those who had deserted her. After eloquent and able argument on both sides, the case was submitted to jury at 5 o'clock last night, which after being out two hours, returned a verdict of "not guilty."

Another indictment for grand larceny—stealing jewelry—is hanging over her, upon which she will be tried next week.

[Sacramento (Cal.) Independent, March 12.]

Nothing in practical wisdom is more familiar to Americans than that a man's hands are his fortune, and that there is no patrimony better than a good trade. Money, however, sometimes turns people's heads so that they forget this.

The late Col. Colt was himself a practical mechanic. By his will he left to his nephew an immense fortune. At the time of Mr. Colt's death, the nephew was learning his trade in his uncle's shop, working diligently in his overalls by day, subject to the same rules as other apprentices.

On his uncle's death he became a millionaire; but, choosing a guardian to manage his property, he continued his labor and served his apprenticeship. Now, as he walks the rooms of his fine house, or drives handsome and costly teams, he has the consciousness that, if his riches take to themselves wings and fly away, he is furnished with the means of getting an honest livelihood, and may make a fortune for himself.

He was a greasy mechanic, and is not ashamed of it. Labor and its accompanying dirt are not dishonorable nor degrading; laziness and its almost necessary evils are disgusting and destroying.

Dirty hands and a sense of independence are to be referred to kid gloves and a consciousness of being a mere drone in the human hive. Tools rust from neglect; wear out from use is beneficial.—So with man's capabilities—better wear out than let them rust.

"The fact is," said an orderly wife, "a man does not know how to straighten up things. He does not know where to commence. I don't wonder," she remarked, in conclusion, "that when God made Adam he went right to work and made a woman to tell him what to do."

A Troy milkman, blind drunk, drove a blind horse into the canal; and the question now agitating the Troy debating society is whether he was trying to water his horse, his milk, or his whiskey.

A young lady created a sensation at Velocipede Hall in Meriden, Conn., recently by her graceful riding of the velocipede. She was dressed in bloomer costume, and was perfect mistress of the uncertain vehicle.

"Where are you going?" said a Scotch gentleman to a thief whom he observed crawling through a hole in his garden wall. "Back again," replied Sawney, as he hastily retreated.

A colored brudder in New Jersey, the other day, called upon the Lord to bress de called people, claiming that they were the sheep and the white people the goats, because "we hab de wool and dey hab de bar."

SYMPATHY IN SICKNESS.—It is in sickness that we most feel the need of that sympathy which shows how much we are dependent one upon another for our comfort, and even necessities. Thus disease, opening our eyes to the realities of life, is an indirect blessing.

A BAD WIFE.—I pity from my heart the unhappy man who has a bad wife. She is shackles on his feet, a palsy to his hand, a burden to his shoulder, smoke to his eyes, vinegar to his teeth, a thorn to his side, a dagger to his heart.

AN ENNOBLING VIRTUE.—There is no virtue that adds so noble a charm to the finest traits of beauty as that which exerts itself in watching over the tranquility of an aged parent. There are no tears that give so noble a lustre to the cheek of innocence, as the tears of filial sorrow.

ECONOMY.—Sound economy is a sound understanding brought into action; it is calculation realized; it is the doctrine of proportion reduced to practice; it is foreseeing contingencies, and providing against them; it is expecting contingencies, and being prepared for them.

A DRUNKEN man in Milwaukee was cooked nearly through by lying on a marble slab in a billiard room over steam pipes. He said he thought at first he was in hell, and then as it grew hotter he imagined that he was in Chicago. He was pleased when the crowd took him off, and he found that his fate was not so bad as he had supposed.

"If ever you think of marrying a widow, my son," said an anxious parent to his heir, "select one whose first husband was hung, that's the only way to prevent her throwing his memory in your face and making annoying comparisons." "Even that won't prevent it," exclaimed a crusty old bachelor, "she'll then praise him, and say hanging would be too good for you."

CHICAGO boasts among her flagrant successes, an infantile impostor. A bright-eyed, neatly-dressed little girl accosts the by-stander on a public street with, "Oh! Sir, I've lost my way, I want to get to"—and she names a street a long way off. Suddenly a thought seems to strike her—"Can't you give me six cents to pay my car-fare?" It is said that the device rarely fails to obtain the money, and that her father, who walks on the opposite side of the street and collects from time to time, is becoming rich. Perhaps he is only accumulating for her dowry, a considerable pile being requisite to meet the fluctuating uncertainties of ladies in that city. She is, however, rather young to be "lost" so frequently, even there.

LET US HELP ONE ANOTHER.—This little sentence should be written on every heart, and stamped on every memory. It should be the golden rule practiced, not only in every household, but throughout the world. By helping one another, we not only remove thorns from the pathway, but we feel a sense of pleasure in our hearts, knowing we are doing our duty to a fellow creature. A helping hand or an encouraging word is no less to us yet it is a benefit to others. Who has not felt the power of this little sentence? Who has not needed the encouragement and aid of a kind friend? How soothing, when perplexed with some mysterious and burdensome trouble, to feel a gentle hand on the shoulder, and hear a kind voice whispering—"Do not feel discouraged—I see your trouble—let me help you." What strength is inspired—what hope created—what sweet gratitude is felt, and the greatest difficulty is dissolved as dew beneath the sunshine.